

BRIC-A-BRAC.

The world is large, when they wear leagues two
loving hearts divide;
But the world is small, when your enemy is loose on
the other side.

A Tragedy.

(John Boyle O'Reilly.)

A soft-breasted bird from the sea
Fell in love with the lightning flame;
And it wheeled ro and the tower on its airiest wing,
And floated and^{ed} led like a lovelorn thing;
It brooded all night, but it fluttered all night,
But the wind was yolk from the seafast light,
For the flame had its heart afloat—
Afar with the ship's at sea;

It was thinking of children and waiting wives,
And darkness and danger to sailors' lives.
But the bird had its tender bosom pressed
On the glass and it died; it dashed its breast,
The light only flickered, the brighter to glow;
But the bird lay dead on the rocks below.

From "The City Streets."

(John Boyle O'Reilly.)

'The Civilization, so they say, and it cannot

changed for the weakness of men.
Take care! Take care! "Is a desperate way to goad
the world to play madly with the powers of hell."
Take heed of your Civilization, ye, on your pyra-
mids built of quivering hearts;
There are stages, like Paris in '93, where the com-
mune must play madly with the powers of hell.
Your statutes may crash, but they cannot kill the
patient sense of a natural right;
It may die, like the world, like the world will, like
the ocean 'o'er Holland, is always in flight.
It is not our fault!" say the rich ones, "No, 'tis the
poor who are the makers of the world's wrongs."
But men are the makers of systems; so the cure will
come if we own the wrong.
If we can once find the right, the right lead; it will
never run in storm if it be denied;
The way to justice is always decreed; and on
every hand are the warning signs.
Take heed of the Tropic of Cancer, I have tread
the sons it slew with its own pollutions;
Abomination is good, but the order of God may flame
the world to a new day.
Beware of your Classes! Men are men, and a cry
in the night is a fearful teacher:
The world is ready to be taught, and to be saved, thus
they need but a sword for a judge and preacher.
Take heed, for your judgement pushes hard; God
will be true to the heart of the people, and the

Will dawn like a fire when the street is barred by
a barricade in the city streets.

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They are free at last! They can face the sun;
The hoarse cry of the streets is their praise.
Their prisons are open—their night is done,
To England's mercy and reparation.

The years of their doom have slowly ended,
Their limbs are free, their hearts are free,
Their children are scattered, their friends are dead,
But the prisons are open—the "crime" forgiven.

God! what a threshold they stand upon;
The world has passed on while they were buried
In the grave of the world's wrongs.
On the "grass-green road" where the crowd has
hurried.

Haggard and broken and seared with pain,
They seek the remembered friends and places;
Men shudder at the sight of their faces
At the deep-drawn lines of their altered faces.

What do they read on the pallid page?
What is the tale of these world letters?
Lesson of the past that could not be taught
Of a love that is stronger than stripes and fetters.

In the blood of the slain some dip their blade,
And swear by the stain the foe to follow;
But a deadlier oath might here be made,
On the words of the Lord and his promise.

Irishmen! You who have kept the peace—
Look on these forms diseased and broken;
Believe, if you can, that their late release,
The words of the Lord, will sell you

For these are the songs on England's book;
They heart the they dragged from her hopeless prison;
She reads her doom in the Nations' book—
She fears the day that has darkly risen.

She reaches her hand for Ireland's aid—
Ireland, scourged, condemned, derided;
She begs the Lord to send her help and aid;
She seeks for the strength her guilt divided.

She offers a bribe—ah, God above!
Behold the price of the decoration;
The hearts she has tortured for Irish love
She brings as a bribe to the Irish nation!

O, blind and cruel! She fills her cup
With conceit and pride, till his red winesplashes
At strikes and stings, till his blood is up
And his heart is broken and his life is dashed.

Her wine has been turned to blood and ashes,
We know her—our sister! Come on the storm!
God send it soon and sudden upon her!
The race she has shattered, and sought to deform
Shall laugh as she drinks the blood dishonor.

On the 6th of January, 1876, three of the Irish women who were in the Mill Street Prison in 1866, were set at liberty. The released men

received by their fellow-countrymen in London
"They are well," said the report, "but they look
prematurely old."

Today.

[John Boyle O'Reilly.]
Only from day to day
The life of a wise man runs;
What matter if sadness far away
Have gloom or double suns?

Like a sawyer's work is life;
I present knives the flint,
And the only field for strife
Is the inch before the saw.

A Disappointment.

[John Boyle O'Reilly.]
Her hair was a waving bronze, and her eyes
Deep wells that might cover a brooding sun;
And who, till it were a cold ever summer,
That her heart was a cinder instead of a coal!

A Builder's Lesson.
[John Boyle O'Reilly.]

"How shall I a habit break?"
As you did that habit make.
As you gathered, you must lose;
As you yielded, now refuse.
Thread by thread the strands we twist
Till they bind us neck and wrist;
Thread by thread the patient hand
Must untwine ere free we stand.

As we builded, stone by stone,
We must toil unhelped, alone,
Till the wall is overthrown.

But remember, as we try,
Lighter every test goes by;
Wading in, the stream grows deep
Toward the centre's downward sweep;
Backward turn, each step ashore
Shallower is than that before.

Ah, the precious years we waste
Levelling what we raised in haste;
Doing what must be undone
Ere content or love be won!
First across the gulf we cast

Kila-Boro threads, full lines are passed,
 And haunt beside the bridge at least!

The Mystery.
 [John Boyle O'Reilly.]
 The Infinite always is silent;
 It is only the Finite speaks;
 Our words are the idle sea-caps
 On the deep that never breaks.
 We may question with wand of science,
 Explore, defend, and discuss;
 But: only in meditation
 The Mystery speaks to us.

Dying in Harness.
 [John Boyle O'Reilly.]
 Only a fallen horse stretched out there on the road,
 Stretched in the broken shafts, and crushed by the
 heavy load;
 Only a fallen horse, and a circle of wondering eyes,
 Watching the freighter, teamster gazing the beast

to rise.

Hold! for his toll is over—no more labor for him;
The poor neck outstretched, and the patient
Eyes grow dim;
See on the friendly stones how peacefully rests his
head—
Thinking, if dumb bents think, how good it is to be
dead;
A few broken shafts how restful it is to lie
With the weary journey, and the cruel road—waiting
only to die.

Watchers, he died in harness—died in the shafts and
straps—
Fell, the blind, burden killed him; one of the day's
misshape—
One of the passing wonders marking the city road—
A tolling dirge in harness, heedless of call or road—
Passers, crossing the pathway, staying your steps
awhile,
What is the symbol? Only death—Why should we
cease to smile
At death for a beast of burden? On, through the

busy street
 That is ever and ever echoing the tread of the hurrying feet.
 What was the sign? A symbol to touch the tireless will?
 Does He who taught in parables speak in parables still?
 The seed on the rock is wasted—on the heedless hearts of men,
 That gather and sow and grasp and lose—labor and hope and then—
 Then for the prize!—A crowd in the street of ever-echoing tread—
 The toiler, crushed by the heavy load, is there in his harness—dead!

